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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Last of the British Invasion—Fortescue Under the Microscope—Nice, Like a Pound of Broken Candy—Gilbert Mistakes Goethe With Signal Inability—Faust a Long, Long Failure—Devil Traditions and Dead Methods—Nym Crinkle Excited to Madness Over Langtry.

Fortescue completed the British invasion on Monday night. The circumstances of her reception and experiment differed from the two British celebrities who preceded her. Her audience was not prematurely enthusiastic. It was inclined to be coldly critical. She made a pleasant impression by her personality, won a feminine tribute of "nice" and acted, in a pot-boiling transcription of Goethe's Faust by Gilbert, with modest and rather charming girlishness, the typical part of Gretchen.

Fortescue is hardly beautiful if measured by any known standard of female beauty. But she comes so near to being beautiful that I doubt if the ordinary observer, unless it be a woman, will stop to discriminate. Her face is one of those indefinite faces that have no dominating feature or pronounced expression. In a man it would be characterless. In a woman it is nice. There is warmth in it, but no force. Her eyes baffle you if you are in front. Even with a glass they evade you with much winking and a restlessness as far as possible from the bland gaze of a Langtry.

Her figure is just of that size and build that men like. It is easily enfolded, is round, shapely, portable, convenient; a girl's figure, not a woman's; the Gretchen dress falls over it and betrays none of the exuberance of maturity. She strikes the instinct in a very few minutes as a reasonably attractive little person with no great heights or depths of character, but of just that mean of womanliness that can always accomplish the average task of pictorial acting and not tire anybody who has eyes and ears.

Not the least of her charms is her thoroughly English voice. A warm, round, mellow voice with low tones it and sometimes tears.

Her Gretchen was not a great Gretchen.

If one undertakes to measure her by the requirements of a great typical role she will fall very much short of material. And of course I am speaking of the archetypal part in Goethe's story, and not the transcription which Gilbert has made. For it was very evident to me that Gilbert deliberately undertook to let down the stops of this supernatural music to accommodate the exigency of the British stage.

I thought, as I was looking at his work, that it was another glaring example of the base and servile uses to which the pens of the British playwrights have been lately put.

They seem to me to be writing down all the grand old myths and magnificent legends which art and literature have bequeathed to us, to fit the contemporaneous poverty of the acting girl. Fancy that enduring story of "Joseph and his Brethren" serving at last in our irreverent day as a suggestion for a bevy of simpering burlesquers, and turning up as Josephine and Her Sisters! Regard the hoary old myth of Ahasuerus reappearing as Claudian with earthquake effects. Contemplate Faust, with which all the talent of the study and the stage has wrestled for more than one generation, worked over now as one might remodel the Laocoon in wax, to make a current diversion!

There is a note on the programme that informs the reader that the "Leading idea of this play was suggested by Goethe's Faust. The author is indebted to that work for the scene between Mephisto and Martha in Act II. In every other respect the dialogue is original."

Here's complacency! "Suggested," indeed! Doesn't this remind you of those piano twiddlers who take Chopin and Wagner and Meyerbeer and dress them up in musical rag-tag and bobtail and then inform you that their work was suggested by Chopin and Wagner and Meyerbeer?

The "transcription" business has reached the play house. The great themes, the original ideas, the creative thought is looted outright. But "the dialogue is original."

Nothing that I have recently seen quite equals this unless it be the sublime spectacle of Mr. Augustin Daly exhibiting his German spoons to the original makers and owners in Germany and accepting their profound thanks for having put his monogram on them.

The fact is, Mr. Gilbert is indebted to Goethe for all that makes Gretchen a play, and where ever he has stretched or cut or patched the original tapestry to fit the eight-by-ten talent of the contemporaneous British side show, he has marred and muddled without remedy.

Let me briefly indicate to you how Mr. Gilbert has twisted Goethe. He makes Faust a sentimental soldier instead of a philosopher. The hero is disappointed and heart broken because one woman is false, and he becomes a monk. We find him in the cloisters, at the opening of the play, moaning and drooling over his little pang. He would be a priest because he cannot gratify his passion. He renounces the world in act and hankers after it in thought. He loves one woman, but is ready to love another the moment Mephisto presents her picture. He is the most maudlin prig I ever saw; with passion enough to do wrong, but no gall; with weakness enough to

play. It means that Mr. Gilbert thinks Faust ought to sin for want of wisdom, and that all great sinners are such because they lack intellectual strength.

When you consider that Goethe knew better than this, and made his hero surfeited with knowledge and finite wisdom, only to show in parable what all history has shown, from Solomon to Bacon, that intellectual strength is not moral safeguard, you will understand how very small is Mr. Gilbert's measurement of the problem, and what a shallow philosopher his devil is, not knowing even where his greatest prizes have always been.

If Mr. Gilbert expects to elude the devil with his cleverness only, he will suffer disappointment at "the reckoning," and he will be astonished, when that event occurs, at the number of wise souls the fiend has gobbled.

The performance of the company at the Lyceum was not good. The Faust was played

no more cakes and ale because our Mary Ann had tumbled down from her throne. We lived to learn that if there were no more Mary Anns, there were Angelinas and Betsy Janes. Then the universe regulated itself again, and we permitted mankind to resume its cakes and ale.

One understands at once that this is the old moon sickness that affects the new Faust. He isn't so much heart-broken at the falsity of one woman as at the absence of all women. The moment a skirt begins to shimmer in the monastery walls, away goes all his loyalty to Mary Ann, and up goes his shrine to the new Polly. He clasps his hands at the sight of femininity. He mistakes a peasant for a peri; he thinks the ardor of young blood is the aspiration of his soul, and in five minutes his sluiceways, erstwhile running brimful of tears, are overflowing with amorous delights.

You are to imagine a long devotee doing

mathematics in submarine armor, and in his loftiest flights preserved the British honor by means of lead in his keel.

The Fortescue Gretchen was not starchy like a summernight's dream, only nice like a pound of broken candy. We could not quite find it in our foolish hearts to forgive her for loving a moon-calf with such promptness and dispatch. In her mad maiden haste she appears to have overlooked his legs.

That they should dawn upon her in all their clandestine propriety before long was inevitable, and consequently love's young dream was shattered in the usual way. But she forgave him in the last act, limbs and all.

Her Christian charity did not extend beyond the footlights.

If there are Violet Camerons (in ability only I mean—good gracious!) in every group of ten ordinary stage struck girls, there is a Fortescue in acting capacity in every fifty. I counted on my fingers ten young ladies in her audience on Monday night that I know could have gone upon the stage and given the part a broader, deeper, higher significance, spoken the lines with a finer elocution and poured their hearts out with an intenser sincerity.

You say that isn't a fair thing to write. Yes, it is. What I mean by it is this: that the kind of ability we are getting from England just now is average stuff, and somehow I fancy we go to the theatre to get exceptional stuff. There was a time when we hoped to get the amateur societies up to the professional standard. Now our cousins hope to get the professional standard down to the amateur societies. At the present rate of progress the time will come when the stage manager in an emergency will call for volunteers from the audience, and then the entire female portion will hold up their hands as they do at a public school when the principal wants a girl to play the Rakoczy march.

When it comes to impersonating the Devil nowadays, all other mimetic attempts are child's play. I need not tell you, especially if you are a playwright, that there is not an actor alive that can't play the Devil, if he wants to, in his own way.

But to impersonate him is another matter. We haven't any modern Devil standard. There are scarcely any Devil traditions, and one by one his perquisites have been cut off. First he lost his fire and brimstone, then his coven hoof, and finally his fine old split-tail.

In Mr. Charles Sugden's impersonation of him he is so Anglicised and modernized that Hades wouldn't know him. He combines the suavity of an operatic manager with the impertinence of a Chatham street clothier. He lies like Eli Perkins and reasons like a Tomb shyster. But he has no authority, no occult power, no saltpetre, no bugaboo background. He is disputatious, inquisitive, polite, hard-hearted. He is not a Demon, Azazel, Diabolus, Satan, Lucifer; but he might be a cheap attorney, an advance agent, a book peddler, a current anarchist, or a society reporter.

I know lots of better devils than this, and if an audience can furnish Gretchen, Heavens, just think of its capacity in the way of fiends incarnate!

But to turn from devils to divinities, let me beg of you to see Langtry as Pauline.

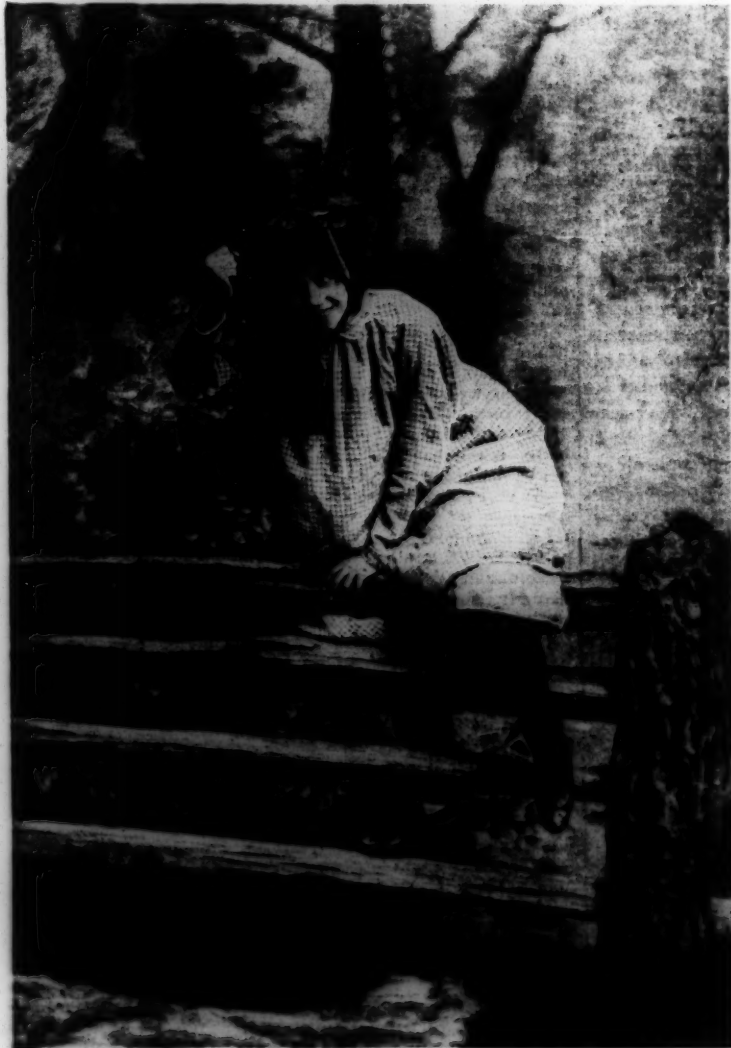
Diana of Ephesus! but she is sumptuous. I used to think that Carlotta Le Clercq was the best Pauline I ever saw. That was before I had seen the Lily.

When she dropped her head on Claude's shoulder last night and murmured, "My own dear love," a sympathetic sigh went up from the front seats. She is the romantic ideal in appearance at least, of Hulwer's delicious rodomontade. Lakes of Como glisten in her bland eyes and her pearly brow stands like Chillon over Leman's waters. Alabaster lamps are swinging and music in the midst of roses exhales while she croons. Bougreaux, Titian, Paul Veronese—where are you! This is the pictorial glimpse. Don't speak of acting—for it will not occur to you. It all acts itself.

And it all glows and burns and dazzles and is, with greater lambency by the side of such a methodical Claude as is Mr. Charles Coghlan.

It's no use. We ought to modify our canons in the blaze of the Chameleon. It's an advertisement for the Lily, and she is as bright as the sun shines.

The Lily may not be able to keep a boat, but she can straddle through Hulwer, and all his pathos turns to poetry in the swing of her skirt, or settles into facts in the steady gaze of her eyes. She can melt anything on earth—except Mr. Charles Coghlan.



MAUD HARRIS.

abandon his ghostly vows, but too pigeon-holed to do anything else except ruin an innocent girl.

Why the devil should take such extraordinary pains to entrap the soul of such a man is not plain, seeing that he is not worth the labor, as Satan himself acknowledges before he gets through.

One need not be told that this variation from Goethe is a substitution of special weakness for an elemental truth. Goethe undertook to exhibit the immemorial mystery of evil and its compatibility with finite wisdom. Gilbert undertook to show that Faust is bad because he isn't smart, and the devil laments his failure in lines which for unphilosophic stupidity equal the acts of the human Faust. He cries out:

So it comes to pass
Leather-fools, blind-fools, and only fools.
Oh, for the soul of one wise man, but one—
To show us triumph at the reckoning.

The implication of this is borne out in the

by Mr. Fred Terry, who, it is true, had so completely absorbed the spirit of priggishness and sentimentality and so adequately put both into action, that we had a startling picture of the kind of mooncalf that must result from Mr. Gilbert's ethical notions. But I cannot think this result was deliberate. It had the flavor of unconscious fitness. He presented to my mind a canting sensualist who is mainly disgruntled because the system of the universe will not permit him to have his own way without entailing grave consequences. If there is anything in the Nineteenth century that excites profound nausea in the onlooker it is a stalwart warrior moaning and blubbering over his lost love. Third parties will not tolerate a display of the Great Canoodle, even. Much less will they put up with the masculine blight. Every one of us has been through that callow crisis when we started out in sackcloth and ashes and insisted that the world should have

this with a Presbyterian propriety of touch, a formal wave of arm, a set lachrymose limpness, and a drawing-room etiquette that continually puts you in mind of the swallow-tailed emptiness that you meet at a four o'clock tea, in order to get a clear idea of how Mr. Fred Terry did it.

His Faust was inherently the chamberer who leans over the back of a chair with one thumb in his vest and toys by the rule of three with the current Gretchen of the gaslit parlor.

His manners and his purpose, coming thus together reminded me of an Elite Directory in which the names and addresses of the *crème de la crème* are mixed up with advertisements of youth restowers. The department of his warrior legs (being very long legs) gave him so much trouble that he was as continuously uncomfortable as a chair in a drawing-room car. Altogether he looked like a professor of

At the Theatres.

less-disfigured by the shakes than the other singers. His vocal method is good and his notes all even and full. He delighted the audience. Signor Ponto, the basso, showed a full and fine voice and sang very fairly. The small parts were well done, especially by Mile. Vallega, who has a very good voice and sings well. The chorus, though not very strong numerically, is vocally and well-trained in the Italian style. The band is good, as all bands are in this city of high salaries. Signor Rimboni appears to be a good, reliable conductor, and to know his business thoroughly. The costumes, scenery, etc., are what all Italian opera companies and scenery always are; but we are chiefly concerned with the singing and playing, not the dressing, and we simply say that, if any one is satisfied to hear operas of the late Italian school done quite as well as they are done in Italy, save only in the great cities at Carnival time, the present company will please.

The ensemble is excellent, the body of sound full and powerful; everybody does his or her level best, sparing neither lungs nor throat. But if one expects to hear that sweet, well-flavored vocalism that obtained of yore, then he will be disappointed. Of Signor Valda we cannot speak as yet, but will endeavor to do him justice in our next issue. The music of tone is racy, tuneful and somewhat frivolous. The phrases are all well known or often used, and save as a means to put tenor and soprano in a good light at small cost, not much to listen to or to dissect. The orchestration is of the order called fiddle-dee, and very far from descriptive of the tragic subject of which the work is supposed to treat. In justice to the company, the composer and all concerned, we are bound to say that the crowded audience were wildly enthusiastic and shouts of "Brava!" "Bravi!" resounded on every side.

The Gypsy Baron, as presented by the Grand Opera company at the Grand Opera House, this week, is a magnificent performance, far exceeding any other that we have seen either at home or abroad. The stage setting is perfect, and must be seen to be properly appreciated. No words of ours can fully describe the exquisite tone and design of the scenery and the richness and accuracy of the costumes. The stage discipline is wonderful to behold; each one of the dense crowd of people employed on the scene appears to be a finished actor. No sign or token of the awkwardness usually inherent in chorus people is to be marked here, and the pictures are true works of art, formed though they be of living figures. The military evolutions are simply miraculous. On no stage have we ever seen an approach to the correctness and general perfection of the marches. The singing is extremely good. Laura Bellini has a rich, full soprano, well-trained and powerful, and she acted the part of Saffi with good judgment and effect, singing very well indeed, much better than we are accustomed to hear in light opera. Helen Van Donhoff, as Cipra, the old gypsy, showed a nice mezzo-soprano voice, sang admirably and acted carefully and well. Jennie Reiffarth, always an excellent actress, brought out the points of comedy in Mirabella in a style that far transcends any former performance of the same part. The lesser lights shone with unwonted brilliancy and very well filled parts of an artistic whole. Jacques Kruger made a good part of Kaiman Zeupan, the pig dealer; but why on earth should one man speak broken English while all the others speak plainly? Kruger would have been far funnier without the dialect. Gustavus Hall, as Casimir, showed a good round voice and acted the part for all it is worth. He pronounces his words distinctly, but sometimes incorrectly.

The triumph of the evening, aside from the production of the piece, was with Harry De Lorme, who made it evident at once that he is the only real tenor on our stage—tall, straight and handsome, with a voice of great power and under thorough control, reaching to D flat from the chest with ease, and full and steady all through. His like has not been heard before in our remembrance in comic opera, and not often in grand. He is a very good and graceful actor as well, and speaks naturally—a rare gift in tenors. The chorus is superb in voice and training, and the band, save that another bass is needed, is thoroughly efficient and good.

Violet Cameron continues to present The Commodore at the Casino to good houses. The lady herself is acceptable in a certain line, and in a good, suitable piece might be a favorite. But the inanity of the stuff she has to work on obscures whatever of talent she might otherwise show. The very same remarks apply to Lionel Brough, who is a sterling actor, had he but a part in which to show his mettle. The band and chorus are excellent. Next week we are to have Kenilworth.

Dockstader's Minstrels give a most delightful musical performance. The part singing is perfection, and the solos are fit for a first-class concert. Mullaly's band is admirable, and his arrangements of the music full of taste. Harry Pepper scored a hit with his extremely melodious "Lullaby, Baby Dear," which is the prettiest composition we have heard for many a day. McCade, the fine baritone, made a true success with Virginia Gabriel's song, "Ruby," and the comic ditties of Charley Reed and Dockstader were full of fun and jollity. Reed is an immense acquisition to the house. His humor and originality were what was wanted. We have never of late years had so good singing in any minstrel entertainment as we get at Dockstader's.

The new burlesque at Koster and Bial's goes merrily to crowded houses. Spectacles are all of the first-class, and the Vanishing Lady attracts multitudes by her incomprehensible play. A very agreeable resort is Koster and Bial's.

Tour of Hoodman Blind.

Two companies of equal strength will tour in Hoodman Blind this season. Charles Bradshaw and B. F. Horning are forming a com-

pany, having secured rights to certain territory from Sanger and French, a Missouri reporter, had an interview with A. R. Waterman, manager of the Boulevard Horning company, and secured a few facts regarding the tour.

"We open on Nov. 10," said Mr. Waterman, "and are now making a duplicate of the original scenery, mechanical effects, printing, etc." Mr. Horning will play the part of Jack Vrevelt, the hero. Mr. Horning has made quite a reputation in the last few years as an actor of the romantic hero school. His physique and style are admirably adapted to the part. Charles H. Bradshaw will play the comical part of Ben Childers. None will dispute his fitness for this role. He is a graduate of the best stock companies. For years he was Lotta's comedian, and played one season with Neilson—her last in this country. Mr. Bradshaw made a great hit as Jarvis in The Lights of London.

"It is but a bare week since I assumed the management, and yet I have been deluged with letters from provincial managers asking for dates. The tremendous success of the play at the Grand Opera House, a few weeks ago, no doubt, has had much to do with this. Indeed, I am in a fair way to have my pick of dates. We are now casting about for a strong company in support of Messrs. Horning and Bradshaw, and will round up the play with every possible adjunct to make it a success."

The Giddy Gusher.



I went over to see Maria the other morning and was told she was in the carriage-house doing a little hat practice. It was a year ago that a calisthenic craze took possession of my friend's frail frame, and she fitted up a room over the stable as a sort of mild muscle-mill. In a suit of striped stuff that made her legs look like sticks of peppermint candy and her little body resemble what small boys call bolivars, she used to vault over ridiculous bars placed about the height of a chair seat from the floor and suspend herself on miniature trapezes and pull on slim rubber bands of ten or fifteen pounds resistance. It was the meekest weakest little collection of gymnastic traps I ever ran against, and Maria's limp and listless and very ladylike way of using 'em was funny to behold.

Maria has not felt friendly with me for some time on account of the gymnasium. I ridiculed its proportions and its capabilities one day, showed her that in a street costume it was child's play to go hopping over those baby bars, and pulled her formidable rubber bands bodily out of the wall and offered to replace 'em with a pair of elastic garters.

So you see I was not quite sure of a welcome in the mushy gymnasium, but the family assured me it was only for hat practice Maria was using the carriage-house, and considerably in the fog I went forth in search of her.

I found the young woman in a sloppy Mother Hubbard wrapper with a pair of her ma's old prunella slippers on, her hair still in the crimping-leads, but on her head was a perfectly stunning hat of the wildest build. I stared at her incongruous costume and slowly it burst on me what "hat practice" meant. The coupe was pulled out, its door was open, and Maria would step back to a candle-box in the stable, poise herself on it—evidently making believe it was the lower step of her residence—or the entrance to some fashionable shop—then she would teeter across a few boards that represented the sidewalk, and gracefully duck that head and climb into the coupe. I watched this operation some seconds. Maria went to the feed-box and changed her headgear for a high Alpine peaked crown thing of grey felt on which three crows with ebony wings outstretched, reached up and out, as if yearning to carry their visitor into a neighboring corn-patch.

"Well, this operation is a strange one; what's it all for?" I asked.

"Oh, bless me, Miss Gusher, how you did startle me. Why, you see, I've brought all my Fall hats out here to sort of gauge 'em, to learn, as it were, how to steer the tormenting things. I have broken down my Summer hat completely, but I shall know to an inch how to manage these. Isn't it a beauty, this grey and black?"

"Lovely, but don't you think it's a little top-heavy? Those wings are just half again as long as your face, and they give you noble features a very insignificant expression."

"Why, how mistaken you are! It's very becoming. I'm sure, and a splendid hat."

"Something less splendid would give you a better chance," I replied, as Maria mounted the grey and black, or rather the grey and black mounted her.

For all the world she looked like a member

of the Governor's Foot Guard with one of those bearskin buckets on. A military company in that style of head-gear has a strong family resemblance. I wouldn't know my own brother from any other man in the ranks in that trim, and just as those monstrous, foolish hats make all men's faces look pinched and insignificant, so those sky-scratching wings, and bows, and velvet excrescences, and satin entanglements, take hold with the female countenance.

No wonder Maria had to have a day's "hat practice," and if the military head goes on to any greater flights of fancy and feathers, the tops of couples and savings of doors must come off.

I sat in a theatre the other night and gazed in astonishment at some of the head-gear. Old Miss Ketchum waddled down the aisle. On her top-knot was a jet bonnet that must have weighed as much as a coal-scuttle. She carried her head as stiff as a French peasant with a cap of water on her head. Behind her came little Flo, her daughter, and Flo's hat was nearly half as high as Flo herself. Oh, that hat! It fairly bristled with up-standing wings of foreign extraction. The poor little man who sat behind her waved to and fro during the evening like a reed in the wind, trying to catch a glimpse of the stage between those bristling, rampant wings. I begin to sympathize with mankind in their banished condition and think the Actors' Fund might with propriety inaugurate a movement like that the medical lecturers adopt, of having performances for "gentlemen only." A few women in full feather just now put a show in a state of partial eclipse for the majority of the audience.

"No," said Miss Muttonhead to her milliner, "I won't wear those wide brimmed hats at theatres. I have too much consideration for my fellow creatures. I'll take this turban. Just put a half dozen of those eagle feathers and the wing of a pelican up in front."

So Muttonhead gets a hat that will yet render steepladders necessary in theatres. The latest things in true Parisian bonnets show me plainly something has got to be done. The hat is tall enough to begin with, but right on top of the crown they put a bunch of bows that carry it up like a yeast cake, and in the centre of this eruption of ribbons or lace or other material, birds rise like phoenixes with outstretched wings. This is the very newest idea in millinery, and can only be improved on by throwing up a platform on the crown and putting a roof garden on the structure. This will occur by the holidays.

Let us hope, by the way, while discussing the Fall fashions, that the present British costumes for men may not become popular in this land of the free and hope of the etc.

The man is not yet born who looks well in a colored shirt, and the vain endeavor to make it becoming that leads to putting on a white collar with it should be made a violation of law or a misdemeanor or something.

I can forgive a man a crime that requires Canada as an expiation, but the offence of the colored shirt can never be condoned. The friendship of a lifetime can be endangered by blue stripes or red spots. Let there be blemishes on a man's reputation, blots on his cutcheon, but for mercy's sake let his billed shirt hold to the purity of that beautiful snow before it falls, which is celebrated in verse and story.

There's no doubt in my mind; but in the future there awaits me a magnificent fortune, if I can ever bring myself to trade upon the simple female mind and its yearnings for personal beauty.

I believe that with my splendid record for veracity I have only to advertise that I am preparing a balm infallible in its properties that will restore hair, teeth and complexion, renew on the cheek of age the flush of youth, give to the aged stomach a juvenile appetite for slate-pencils, and return to the dim eye the sparkle and fire that brought down the dude of girlhood's period. I can't think of a place big enough to manufacture that balm in quantities to fill the demand unless I can get the Reservoir at Forty second street and roof it over.

I believe Mrs. Ayre, of Chicago, is doing mighty well with her Recamier Cream, but wait till Mrs. Paron Stevens gets into the field with her Cleopatra Milk. She'll give her a pull till she in turn is displaced by the Gusher and Eve's Butter.

The female heart turns with doubting hope to every new cosmetic, in the wild hope that it may prove the long sought restorer of faded charms, and I have noticed that the very men who are forever harping on women's use of powders and pastes are the first to use anything that they hear their wives and sisters recommend.

Now, Howard Paul and I have been friends, lovers and countrymen for a length of time too numerous to mention, but if he writes another article such as I read from his pen the other day about actresses and their make up, we shall certainly fall out.

He went into the details of Mrs. John Wood's facial distress, and made up that the lady had to retire from public view when the sun or rain disturbed the surface of her carefully arranged countenance. Mrs. John has something better to travel on than her complexion—if her face was enameled and cracked like a canvas of Rubens (which it isn't), it would be still as attractive and as valuable as a Rubens.

If Mr. Paul had described some of those blooming and old dowagers who ornament Great Britain with remnants of complexions, and are of no earthly good outside their own families I wouldn't raise my voice. But to even say one word of the personal appearance of a woman whose name has been the synonym of mirth and pleasure to countless thousands all the days of her public life, is something I won't stand even from my genial Howard.

The Lord knows as long as John Matilda Wood has possession of her marvelous sense of humor, as long as her wonderful vitality endures, as long as those snapping eyes and that saucy nose and mouth could do their duty, tired, care-buried, depressed humanity ought to go down on its knees and thank God for having created her.

Look at Rosina Vokes—Mrs. John Wood's

faint shadow thrown from a distance on a sheet of brown alpaca. Why, all New York pays \$1 to a seat to see her. I looked at her in the Milliner's Bill, and thought (without having seen her) of all Mrs. John Wood must do in that piece and of all Mrs. John Wood did in that song of "His Heart Was True to Poll," which she sang here years and years ago. The greatest living comedienne, who now is sitting firmly on a throne surrounded by empty steps, should live in an atmosphere uninvaded by remarks on her complexion, and I won't let Howard Paul tell any cracking stories of that gorgeous woman.

Time don't handle a man with a thicker pair of gloves than he puts on for a woman, but just tell a man at fifty or sixty that he isn't in the ring, and an enticing and inspiring spectacle, you'll hear a verdict and get an opinion as is an opinion. It's as I have often said to you in this impressive column. Pull every feather off a man's dear head, yank every tooth out of a sweet, dear man's mouth, furrow him an inch deep with time's claw—rheumatize his joints, raise Cain with him generally—he sits up and shows his necktie and thinks he's a darling that ought to just paralyze the Sunday schools and turn every woman into a

GIDDY GUSHER.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Oct. 7.

New plays are often like sorrows, inasmuch as when they come they come not singly, but in battalions. Often they are like sorrows, in another sense—they are hard to bear. But no matter. Just lately so many new pieces have been produced that the poor play-noticers, including *moi qui parle*, have had little or no rest, and it is thought that some sort of convalescent home should be provided for overworked and overworried dramatic critics. It certainly were a consummation devoutly to be wished. Perhaps the actors might subscribe.

The principal production calling for notice this week is that of La Béarnaise at the rechristened Prince's, now Prince of Wales'. This piece, the American rights of which have already been secured by the indefatigable Samuel French, was, as you know, composed by André Messager, and its original French book was provided by the well known librettists, Leterrier and Vanloo. Our English version has been done by Alfred Murray, a young man who I believe used to be H. B. Farnie's "ghost." Said ex-apparition shows improvement in his latest book, but I have yet to complain of many of his songs, in that they are often unusable by reason of too great a preponderance of sibilants. But, no doubt, he will grow out of that. The music is often pretty, but is not very striking anywhere. The best things are Jacquette's song in Act I, "Although I am a Youth Bucolic," and a Berceuse sung by Jacquette in Act II, to a *bouquet ferné* accompaniment; Branca's solo, "No or Yes," and the Drilling Duet in Act III.

The plot is simple—too simple, in fact, to fill out the three acts with. The scene is laid at Como, whereunto comes the hero, Perognac, a gay Parisian captain. He applies to the local Duke for an appointment. Duke agrees, but hiding that Perognac is described in the letter of introduction as "a flirt," decrees that the mashing militaire shall not make love to or kiss any woman for forty days, on pain of ten years' penal servitude. Just as the decree is issued Jacquette (La Béarnaise), sweetheart to Perognac, arrives upon the scene, and knowing how susceptible her lover is, resolves to watch over him. Accordingly she disguises herself in a man's hat and tights, calls herself Jack, and elopes with the Countess Bianca, who has implored Perognac to carry her off. The elopement scheme, however, is frustrated, and Jack is condemned to marry Bianca. A wedding is promptly arranged, which gives scope for some risky lines and innuendoes, of which scope the librettist and his players have fully (perhaps too fully) availed themselves. Anon Perognac discovers that the pretended Jack is his pretty cousin, and, in order to save her from punishment, conveys her to the camp outside the city gates, where she poses *pro tem* as a sentinel, and of course makes everybody fancy she is a man. After a little more fluttering about Perognac and Jacquette become united, and all ends happily. So much for the story, which has, however, one or two comic undercurrents. These are the best features of the book, and are admirably developed by low coms E. J. Lonner, J. J. Dallas and Sydney Harcourt.

The part of the blithe Béarnaise suits Florence St. John down to the ground, and she looks well in her tights, a class of garment she has not worn in such a displayed manner for many years. As usual, she sings delightfully; but in this connection Florence is run very close by a really new young singer, Marie Tempest, who has a charming voice. One welcome feature in this piece is that its hero, the dashing Captain, instead of being entrusted to a tenor who cannot act (for tenors seldom, if ever, can) is given to a bold, big baritone actor, by name G. H. Snaezelle, and formerly of the Carl Rosa opera. The dresses and scenery are pretty, and with a little more strength thrown into the finales, La Béarnaise, although not brilliant, ought to pay fairly well.

The other new production of the week up to the time of mailing was a comedy called The Undergraduates, which was put on at the Opera Comique (otherwise the Theatre Royal Tunnels) yesterday afternoon, to an audience chiefly composed of numbers, who looked in to kill time. This piece, which has been written by W. Outram Tristram, showed some power of characterization and much promise in the way of humorous dialogue writing, but its plot was flimsy and all too feeble for the three acts allotted to it. Yesterday it was chiefly remarkable for a natural bit of pathos given off in Act II, by Eva Sothorn (daughter of Dunderbury Sothorn), and for a most lovely and realistic representation of

prize-fighter by that splendid character actor, Felix Morris, whose Scotch Professor in On 'Change made London laugh so.

The irrepressible William Holland, who delights in the title of "the People's Caterer" is energetically struggling to make both ends meet at the Albert Palace. A little while back symptoms were not wanting that he might soon have to make one or both of them bread, but things now seem to have taken a turn for the better. William has turned to account the experience gained by him while running the Covent Garden Circus for his backers, and now blossoms forth as a circus proprietor on his own account. The show provided is a very good one, and being under cover is to a certain extent independent of Holland's old enemy, J. Pevens, who literally washed him out of North Woolwich Gardens. There were more wet days to the square inch during William's managerial record than ever befell any popular caterer, except perhaps a Noah, whose experiences in the menagerie line must certainly entitle him to be counted among the show folk. But to resume. Holland's Circus, which started on Monday, seems already to have caught on, and although the State-subsidized variety show at South Kensington is now booming fiercely a three-penny admission racket for "the working classes," there is some hope that private enterprise may prosper at Battersea. Among the attractions engaged by Holland are the wondrous Cragg troupe, whose success on your side of the water was, I believe, phenomenal. These clever artists do not seem to have developed any fresh business during their sojourn in the States, for they are doing precisely the same tricks now that they did at the London music-halls previous to their American tour. But the old stuff is in this case the very finest of its kind and would be bad to beat. The human ladder act, which falls forward from a giddy height apparently on its face, but really on the feet, continues to startle and delight spectators. The Albert Palace is a rare place for side shows, which are on the whole very unpopular in this country. A manager advertises a big bill with all manner of entertainments therein, which are really private speculations, but which on the large bills are made to appear as included in the central show. The public pay their shillings at the turnstiles, thinking that the one payment covers all right cut, and when they get inside often enough find themselves left—very much left sometimes. This is not wholly the case with the Albert Palace, nor can it be denied that the circus is good value for the outlay. But I disapprove of the principle, and so does our public—by a large majority.

There is, however, one side-show at the Albert Palace who is a host in himself, or who ought to be, if appearance goes for anything. He is a giant baby who, for size, solidity and serious demeanor, can knock holes into any other giant baby whom I have hitherto met. I am proud to know him. I interviewed him the other night, and baring that he does not talk (he is barely fourteen months old) and was, in point of fact, asleep all the time, the interview was a big success. And why not? I have known many an interview conducted on similar lines pan out to the tune of three columns of leaded type next morning, much to the admiration of all concerned, but especially to the wonder of the interviewed. To get back to the baby: He lies about three feet six inches and weighs—I should judge—about sixty-five pounds. This sort of thing can be done with impunity at fourteen months, it may be worth the while of those interested in the question of our national food supply to consider what can be done in the way of breeding babies for home consumption—if not for exportation.

Concurrently with the comic opera epidemic now raging in London, a smaller epidemic of front pieces is about to break out. Managers as a rule are not too eager to change their curtain-raisers, but keep some old and trusted farce or comedieta running on for hundreds and hundreds of nights. Which state of things is not very pleasant for the pit or galleryite, who, if he would see a successful piece once or twice (and some go dozens of times), has to sit and be bored by what is often a bad old farce badly played; for nowadays, mark you, the average mummer regards a farce or comedieta as far too poor a piece for his (or her) abilities. This neglect of, not to say insult to, the humbler but more paying class of playgoer went on for a long while; but the *Referee*, spurred on by the lengths to which the system was carried, worried away at managers until they became (or seemed to become) rather ashamed of themselves. And so, of late, new front pieces have been more numerous and your manager now usually keeps one up his sleeve to put on a week or fortnight after his principal production is on and thus secure a "second notice" of the said production.

The new front pieces which will call for critical comment forthwith are My Lord in Livery by Thyrre Smith, at the Princess'; The Nettle, an original comedieta by Ernest Warren, at the Court; and at the Gaiety will be done an original knockabout farce by Richard Henry. It's title is A Happy Hour. Arthur Williams will play the principal low comedy part in this.

Lillie Western, described as "America's Greatest Musical Marvel," has just appeared and achieved success on several instruments at our South London Palace, a music-hall much affected by Surrey-siders.—Edmond Gerson threatens to bring to the United States to tour during 1887 Madame Elizabeth Goreva, described as "a Celebrated Russian Tragedienne and Sensational Actress."—"Little Teddy" Solomon is still lying in jail over that remanded bigamy business. The magistrate refused to lessen the amount of the bail, and no one seemed inclined to arrange for £250, a matter of \$1,250, all of which seems rough on "Teddy" (whatever his faults), seeing that the most important Jewish celebration of the year is at hand. Still, he shouldn't do such things.

People are wondering what is the matter with A. Harris, of Old Drury. Last week I told you that his musical director, Oscar Barrett, was leaving, and now I learn that he (H.) has dismissed James Fleming, one of the best secretaries he ever had. Gussie is making some wholesale gaps in his ranks—since you Americans have discovered that Jim the Penman was based on Der Advokat, some one else has discovered that it (and evidently Der Advokat, too) is based on Guy de Maupassant's novel, "Monsieur de Sancerre." On Saturday Messieurs the Critics are summoned to the reopening of Sander's Wines, when a new play called Living or Dead is to be done; to the after-dinner piece, of the Princess'; and to the revival of Sander's at the Adelphi. Audran's comic opera, Indiana, at the Avenue, will be the next piece, please, on Monday.

GAWAIN.

NEW YORK MIRROR

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, Editor.

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Anderson, W. C.
 Adams, Mrs. Geo.
 Abbott, Marion, and Pig.
 Abbott, Louise
 Alford, M.
 Allen, J. A.
 Ayers, A.
 Brewster, Vivian
 Barney, A. N.
 Bayard, Emily
 Blanchard, L.
 Bloomfield, G. A.
 Beverly, Alf
 Beaven, Miss A. P.
 Beachy, C.
 Brand, J. E.
 Bailey, C.
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 Bernard, Fannie G.
 Bassett, R.
 Clarke, K.
 Calice, Myron
 Campbell, C. J.
 Clark, George
 Cherie, Adelaide
 Charles, Mack
 Cummings, Miss A.
 Clark, Harry
 Deane, Maggie
 Downing, M. L.
 Dobson, F. B.
 Ditta, Linda
 Darrell, Fredk. (a)
 Eldridge, Charles E.
 Eagle, James
 Enos, M. F.
 Elmore, Florence
 Forrester, Lon
 Furlong, J. R.
 Fred, & Pot
 Field, Frances
 France, Sid C.
 Grever, Leonard (a)
 Griffin, Ellen (a)
 Gallatin, Albert
 Granger, Maud
 Gray, Alice
 Granville, Evelyn
 Gladding, L.
 Hamilton, C. J.
 Harrison, Sam
 Harrison, G. W.
 Hooper, Albert
 Harrison, Alice
 Hall, Lillie
 Hollis, J. B.
 Irving, Gertrude
 Johns, W. B. (a)
 Jackson, Bella

*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Local Color.

We are constantly hearing praise of the subdued tone of stage decoration in England as contrasted with the *voiant* style usual in America, and we are told that the moderation of color and absence of glare is due to a more perfectly developed and refined artistic sense; whereas it is the necessary consequence of climate and nothing more. "The sun shines brightly there," says the old song—meaning here, and the sun scarcely can be said to shine at all through the misty, though beautiful, atmosphere of England. Color is radiant in sunlight, subdued in the shade. An American landscape burns with richest hues of green, amber and crimson. An English landscape glints through a soft poetic haze that blends all shapes and colors to a dreamy grey, relieved only by the lower tones of cream, white, violet and rose. One is splendid, the other modest.

Now art, being an imitator merely, must follow its original. The artist who paints under the golden azure sky of America, whether he paint landscapes in oil or landscapes in distemper, must perforce give a higher tone and a more liberal coloring to his pictures than he who does the same line of work under the cloud-roofed canopy of England. But is he the less artistic for suiting himself to his surroundings? Compare the Dutch or Flemish school of pictorial art with the Italian. One is gray-green, the other rose-red; one shimmers, the other glows. Yet no one denies that either or both is excellent. The Forest of Arden has been painted in all the quarters of the globe, and it is noticeable that the artist is invariably the child of nature, and not only nature at large, but nature in little. It is the painter of the Forest in England, then, the branching oaks, overhead winged cherubs, and crisp Hawthorn embossed his canvas. If in America, the Forest of Arden consists mainly of maples, pine, alder and birch. In Australia, Bushland wanders under the sparse Eucalyptus, where never a Rosewood walked so stately as Art to her great mother Nature.

Therefore, when a landscape is represented in a play, it is the artist's duty to represent it as it is, and not as it is in his mind; but when the artist is a landscape painter, he is free to represent it as he sees it.

land then our gorgeous tints are much out of place. We have often smiled to see the pale, quiet English landscape represented on our stage by an aureole of colors only to be seen in our Autumnal woods, in the *aurora borealis*, or in the dress of a flowery belle going to a matinee. While we have been equally amused on the other side to see a scene presumably in the Shenandoah Valley, or even the Everglades of Florida, toned down to the misty primness of Somerset or Sussex. Art should have no country; but it has all the same, save in the case of some excellent genius like Turner, and he was unmercifully lashed by the fog-born critics of London for many years because the painted things as they were in their own lands and not as they would be in England. We can no more tone down our color than we can our speech or our mode of life to the calm, cool standard of English taste. And no one but a prig would desire it.

Journalistic Malfaisance.

It is impossible to do justice and to please everybody at the same time. "The galled jade will wince," and it is no pleasant task to wield the lash that touches up the raw. But it must be done. If an actor be paid for acting, so is a critic for judging. Both may fill their function to the best of their ability and in thorough good faith, and yet both may be at fault. They may be the best of friends in private, but if the actor play his part badly in the estimation of the critic, the critic is bound by his professional honor to tell the truth and fear not. If he do not, and weakly sacrifice his honor to his friendship, then is he as guilty of malfaisance in office as any boodle alderman or bank defaulter whatever.

If John Scribbles be paid a salary by a newspaper to give his sincere impressions of the acting or singing or dancing of Richard Mummer, he is bound to do it honestly, though Richard be his *alter ego*, his Pythias, his sworn brother. And Richard has no right to resent the truth; but he does, nine times out of ten, never thinking that in so doing he is insulting his friend by imputing to him that most unworthy quality—insincerity. Of what worth is the opinion of a man who can be biased by friendship or bought by lucre to say the thing that is not? And yet how often is the critic asked to do so? Nay, in many instances, offered bribes to do so; which last, to the credit of the craft be it said, are but rarely accepted. There be some newspapers in which judgment goes by cash, and a favorable opinion can be bought like ribbon at so much per inch. There be others where it is sold by the glass, like liquor. And, again, others in which "kissing goes by favor." But these are mostly of small account—papers that deal in scandalous gossip, that rake in the gutters for prurient items, as pariah dogs in India root for rotten scraps; sheets that profess to give their readers the topics of the town and treat them instead to the pullulence of the bordel. These filthy rags are like cast-off plasters: the virtue has gone out of them and nought is left but bad odor. But the clean papers, all talk to the contrary notwithstanding, are not to be bought—not by direct bribe nor by lavish and unnecessary patronage. They sell their advertising space, but not their editorial and critical columns. We insist that it is as impossible to influence unduly THE MIRROR, the Herald, the Times, the Tribune and some others of like standing as it is to corrupt the Supreme Court of the United States. The motto of the decent press of New York is *fiat justitia ruat cælum*, and, as far as mortal frailty will permit, it is adhered to. Rarely will you see a really unfair notice in a decent journal. Generally the writers "lean to mercy's side" perhaps too charitably, and in so doing they do wrong, for it is unjust to sterling merit to rank commonplace mediocrity with it. And it is more than unjust—it is useless. Truth is mighty, and will prevail in the end, and to delay its tide is as foolish an attempt as Mrs. Partridge's broom-drill against the Atlantic Ocean. Therefore we advise all discontented actors and authors to cease their coping at critics and to amend their ways and their plays.

The Actors' Fund.

Last week three applications for relief were received by the fund, and one rejected.

Expended in relief last week \$147.

There are now four patients in St. Vincent's Hospital.

New members and annual dues paid in: H. Wayne Ellis, A. H. Society, Adeline Stanhope, Thomas H. DeWitt, John C. Denham, John I. Ford, Jr., J. R. S. Mauds, Lionel Brough, S. C. Brough, E. S. Steyne, Ed. Macbeth, H. B. Lonsdale, Miss Clyde

Howard, Jane Cushman, Simon J. Forhan, Charles H. Clarke, Andrew Boyd, Evelyn Evans, George C. Mlin, Lizzie Francis Young, John O. Hall, and James M. Ward.

A special meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held to day (Thursday) at 2 P. M. to consider the case of Bartley Campbell.

Personal.



WILLIS.—Above is a portrait of Eloise Willis, a clever little actress and a woman possessing exceptional accomplishments.

BELLINI.—Laura Bellini, the prima donna, is an elder sister of Mrs. Milton Nobles.

CLARKE.—George Clarke, who is disengaged, is "rusticating" at his farm near Norwalk, Ct.

MAYO.—Frank Mayo is playing in New England this season to fifty per cent. better houses than last.

CORLETTE.—Edith Corlette has been engaged to take the title role in the comic opera *Pepita*, in the place of Louise Day.

DOWNING.—During his recent engagement in Cincinnati Robert Downing was entertained at the residence of the veteran James E. Murdoch.

DE BELLEVILLE.—Fred. de Belleville writes THE MIRROR enthusiastically of the success of the Rose Coghlan season, and of his own success in leading roles.

DE RUYTHER.—Mme. Julie De Ruyther has been engaged to sing at the Sunday night concert to be given during the month of November in the Boston Music Hall.

BOUCICAULT.—Dot Boucicault has formed a partnership with Robert Brough and taken a theatre in Melbourne, Australia. He is now in London seeking attractions.

FOY.—Bertha Foy left the Bandmann company in Norfolk and returned to the city. She says the frequent change of bill imposed more work than her health permitted.

PITT.—Harry M. Pitt has been re-engaged by Manager Palmer for his old position in the Madison Square company. Mr. Pitt will be in the cast of Jim the Penman on Nov. 1.

KLAW.—Marc Klaw has brought his family to town to reside. Louisville has been Mr. Klaw's home, and there is much regret among his numerous friends there at the parting.

DAUVRAY.—Helen Dauvray will appear in *One of Our Girls* at the Lyceum Theatre on Tuesday, Dec. 7, for a season of three weeks, after which she will present Bronson Howard's new play.

BARTRAM.—Ernest Bartram pleasantly remembers his last birthday from the fact that the members of the Night Off company presented him with a gold mounted umbrella, suitably inscribed.

MAGINLEY.—Benjamin Maginley, as Uncle Bartlett, in *May Blossom*, is playing a fine engagement at the Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn. The press was very flattering in its notices of the performance.

SEYMOUR.—Blanche Seymour, late of the Bunch of Keys company, is still at her home in Buffalo and disengaged. Miss Seymour is occupied in vocal study. She is a singer and actress of marked ability.

MAYER.—Marcus Mayer is a very busy man at present, and will soon be much busier. He is the manager of Dion Boucicault and Mav Fortescue, as well as the acting manager of Adelina Patti and Sarah Bernhardt.

FAULKLAND.—Arthur Falkland scored a pronounced success in Harbor Lights at the Boston Museum when on a recent occasion Mr. Vanderfelt was ill and the former took the part of Lieutenant Kingsley at short notice.

BARRETT.—George Barrett, a brother of Wilson, and a member of his company, has received an offer of the leading part in a new play from the pen of a prominent English author, which is to be produced in London about Christmas.

HANISTER.—The forthcoming production of Dion Boucicault's *Jilt* at the Standard Theatre will introduce to the American stage Ella Hanister, a young lady Mr. Boucicault brought over with him from England to play the part of Phyllis Weller.

DAVENPORT.—Fanny Davenport is rehearsing two plays every day this week, besides acting *Beatrice* at night. During her engagements of the next four weeks she will appear as Lady Gay Spanker, Nancy in *Oliver Twist*, Fedora, and Lady Macbeth.

GRANGER.—Maude Granger has been almost in retirement. She emerges to star in Lynwood, J. K. Tillotson's play, and announces that she will appear in first class theatres only. Miss Granger is too good an actress to be lost to public view, and her return to the stage will be hailed with a genuine welcome.

LETHCOURT.—H. J. Lethcourt sailed from Liverpool by the *Autonia* on Saturday last. On his arrival he will assume the part in *The Jilt* recently played by him at the Prince's Theatre, London.

MADDERN.—Minnie Maddern began her tour on Monday night at Poughkeepsie. This winsome and gifted little actress has returned to the play of *Caprice*, whose success she made, and in which she presents an irresistibly charming picture of ingenious girlhood.

MATHER.—Margaret Mather will be seen for the first time in the role of Peg Woffington during her coming engagement at the Union Square Theatre, opening Dec. 20. Miss Mather will also be seen in several Shakespearean roles that she has never before essayed.

STANHOPE.—The *Zetka* season closes abruptly. Adelaide Stanhope writes THE MIRROR that a fortnight ago she tendered her resignation, which Manager Miner would not accept, but that on Oct. 16 he put up his two weeks' "notice." Miss Stanhope is therefore disengaged.

SHERIDAN.—W. E. Sheridan writes THE MIRROR from Christchurch, N. Z., that the report that he suffered a stroke of paralysis while on the steamer from San Francisco to Honolulu is a fabrication. He says he never felt better in his life than while on the voyage.

MORRIS.—Clara Morris is again taxing the patience of her audiences by imposing upon them long waits between the acts. At a recent matinee performance in this city the curtain was kept down forty five minutes, and the house was not dismissed until half-past six in the evening.

BRANDON.—Olga Brandon's midnight eyes have been casting shadows on the Strand lately. She has had some offers to play in London, but it is her intention to return to New York with her mother next month. Miss Brandon writes that she has made a good English engagement for next season, and will visit London again next Summer.

HARRIS.—The clever little actress, Maud Harris, whose portrait appears on the first page of THE MIRROR this week, although but a mere tyro in stage experience, is rapidly winning a place in her profession. Miss Harris is at present playing the part of Peachblossom in *Under the Gaslight*, under the management of P. T. Turner, and through her distinct and original characterization of the part, is a leading feature of that time-worn play. She will yet be heard from in some more important success.

Mr. Boucicault's Intentions.

Dion Boucicault, who arrived from England some ten days ago, was seen by a MIRROR reporter the other day.

"Marcus Mayer is arranging a tour for me in this country to last up to next May," said he. "From the look of things at present I think it quite likely that I will open in this city at the Standard Theatre next month, following the new play, *The Daughter of Ireland*. I shall open in *The Jilt* and will play it through the country as long as possible. I have a new Irish play and a new American play. The Irish play is a three-act sensational melodrama, on the style of *The Shaughraun*. It is a piece dealing with Irish peasant life, and has several very great scenic effects. My character will be that of an Irish boy. There are two Irish boys in it, of the style of Danny Mann and Myles-na-Coppaleen, and I don't know which I'll play. For *The Jilt* I've brought over the entire scenery expressly built by Mr. Brewster for London, as well as all the furniture and properties, so that the piece will be put on just as it was in England.

"The American play is a three-act society drama, dealing with life in the upper classes. In fact, it is a high-class style of *Octoroon*. The American people are beginning to look for American work. Now, as regards my future intentions, I only went over to London to play a farewell engagement. It was announced as such, and it was my farewell engagement, for it is not my intention to go over to play again. I don't want to play there. Mr. Bruce wanted me to appear in *The Shaughraun*, Colleen Bawn and *Arrah-na-Pogue*, making my farewell in these plays; but I saw nothing to gain by it, and, besides, there is a sore feeling in England on the Irish question. I intend to remain here.

"As to my crossing over to prepare for litigation, that is not true. I took out my own commission to obtain legal evidence here about two months ago, and my presence here during that time is necessary. A statement was made here by a certain dramatic paper, several years ago, to the effect that I made certain statements under oath about a certain person. I never replied to such statement, and never denied them till now, when I do so to you. There was only one occasion when I put myself on record in any way in the case. That was when a writ for alimony was begun—and afterward dropped—in which, as is customary, it was stated that I was a man of enormous wealth. Details were gone into, and these details were false. In an affidavit I told the truth about these details. The case has never come into court on it, and I have never said a word on the main question. The statement was that I had stated that my children were illegitimate. I never said anything of the sort."

The Cameron Contracts.

Ever since the reports, false or otherwise, to the effect that the business done by the Violet Cameron Opera company at the Casino had fallen off so that the organization was losing money by the engagement have been current in theatrical circles, there have been numerous hints given out that out-of-town managers were making desperate efforts to cancel their contracts and that the organization would never get any farther than this city. The first authorized statement tending to make these hints likely to become palpable

facts was given in several of the morning papers on Sunday by John Stetson, who stated to a reporter in Boston that he had refused to allow the Violet Cameron Opera company to fill its engagement at the Globe Theatre in that city in February next. For the purpose of getting at the other side of the story a Mirror reporter saw H. B. Lonsdale, the manager of the company, a few days ago.

"Is it true," the reporter asked, "that out-of-town managers are cancelling their dates with you?"

"No, sir; it isn't true, and I shouldn't allow them to do so," was the answer. "Mr. Stetson sent for me, and told me that he would cancel the dates that we had at his house in February—that he would not play us. His landlord would not allow it. Personally Mr. Stetson and myself are very good friends. We shook hands at parting. He said he wouldn't play us, and I said we'd do all we could to make him. I went to our lawyers and was told that it was all child's play. He advised us that if Stetson attempted to play anything else during the three weeks of our time at his house, we could serve an injunction. We should go on there and be ready to play, and he would have to pay us. So that is just what we propose to do. The whole thing is a matter for the courts to decide.

"It is not true that any other managers have tried to cancel their dates, and I have just received a telegram from another manager in Boston offering us a certainty for the time that we were to play at the Globe. This is the telegram, though I can't let you see the name."

The telegram read: "Telegraph me quick; certainly to play date that you had with Stetson."

"Of course, though, I shan't do it. I shall advise with my lawyers before I do anything. The report that we are not making money is untrue. The first week's business at the Casino was very large, and last week we made money. We shall play all our time up to the latter end of May, and will make money on the season in spite of all the newspaper attacks that have been showered upon us."

A Novel Road to Fame.

Charles Hudson, of the Wilson Barrett company, is rapidly becoming known by means of his dramatic faults. As Mr. Hudson's faults are particularly pronounced, it is evident that he will acquire fame in a shorter time than it usually takes a new candidate for histrionic honors. Following the first performance of *Claudian*, in which Mr. Hudson played the part of the wicked Tetrarch, the papers announced the discovery in him of a duplication of Henry Irving's eccentricities of manner. Some made this the text of amusing comment; others for wholesale abuse, and one journal went out of its way to assert that Mr. Barrett deserved to be severely reprimanded for presenting, in all their glaring conspicuousness, the absurdities appertaining to the style of a rival London actor and manager. Mr. Barrett at once took steps to emphatically deny this charge, issuing cards to the various newspapers and calling Mr. Irving for an opinion in regard to the accusation. Mr. Irving responded that he was sure all his friends in America wished Mr. Barrett right well, and that he was personally convinced that it was impossible for Mr. Barrett to do so silly a thing.

In view of all this clamor that has been made over a very small matter, it may be well to explain the why and wherefore of Mr. Hudson's imitation of the celebrated English tragedian. It seems that a few years ago Mr. Hudson, whose father was then and is now a member of the Lyceum company, was employed by Mr. Irving for his supernumerary force; in other words, Mr. Hudson became one of Mr. Irving's "young men." These same "young men" are a body of ambitious and courageous youths of good family and education, who, for the sake of observing the methods of a star, and of acquiring the rudiments of the profession which it is their wish to embrace, consent to carry spears, banners and torches, announce the arrival of carriages, and perform other more or less arduous duties that fall to the lot of the average super or utility man.

While carrying spears, torches and banners, Mr. Hudson had leisure to observe with great interest and admiration the performances of Mr. Irving, and became imbued with the very pardonable idea that Mr. Irving was a very great man and a very great actor, and that everything that Mr. Irving did and said, every expression of Mr. Irving's face, and eccentric movement of Mr. Irving's legs, was the perfection of dramatic grace and natural beauty.

Naturally, having so admired a model constantly before his eyes, and as it is the object of all students to copy or approach unto the excellence of that model, Mr. Hudson forthwith proceeded to take on all the peculiarities of his manner. He learned to twist and distort the English tongue until his speech was almost as difficult to understand as that of Mr. Irving. He acquired the Irving strut, the Irving gasp, the inarticulate ejaculations, the strange tossings of the hair and all the other marked mannerisms that Mr. Irving's worshippers are wont to adulate. As soon as Mr. Hudson was given lines to speak, it was his conscientious effort to speak them like Mr. Irving, and in London—where almost every company has its Irving mimic or disciple—Mr. Hudson's appropriation did not excite any special comment. So thoroughly did Mr. Hudson finally become steeped in the Irvingesque style that his friends found him carrying them into private life, so that his ordinary social conversations were all marked in precisely the same manner.

In this way the young actor eventually found it impossible to shake off the strange personality he had striven so hard to clothe himself with, and his own personal identity was completely lost. Mr. Hudson, under the circumstances, is to be pitied rather than blamed for his misfortune. We do not know that he considers it a misfortune, and we are quite sure that Mr. Barrett does not, for it is much more reasonable to suppose, knowing as we do Mr. Barrett's courtesy and delicacy of feeling, that he presents Mr. Hudson in his company to the American public as a graceful complement to his dear friend Mr. Irving and in order that the memory of the latter shall be kept green in the hearts of our playgoers during his own journey here.

A young lady writes me from Paris as follows: "I am anxious to adopt the stage as a profession and want a little advice on the subject. If you could give me the name of a honest man who is a manager and who would be willing to take a lady that is unknown, I should be obliged. I have studied considerably, and when I know that the stage is over-crowded in America, I still feel that there is always room for one more." The inevitable feminine P. S. contains the information that the writer is "moderately good-looking, good figure, has a little talent, and is inclined

Robert Nelson, who heads the Nelson Family in acrobatic performances, was arrested in Brooklyn last week for allowing his young member of the family Charles Oliver, who is under sixteen years old, to take part in the performances at Hyde and Nehman Theatre. Mr. Nelson said in Justice Walsh's Court that he had permission from the Mayor to give the show.

"I have just had a commission for seven plays, and I am constantly receiving communications, but I've got a lot of work, as you may imagine, and I don't see how I can possibly get through with what I have on hand before Jan. 1. I shall go down South shortly to superintend the production of my play with Miss Forsyth's company. Our Society was practically my first piece. Years ago I adapted a play for Rose Evinger, but the subject was one which had been previously adapted. It was produced under another name and she did very well with it, but I can scarcely count it as I was very busy then with my journalistic work and could not devote myself to it. There are certain hours best for working, and outside of them you cannot somehow make your best efforts very successful."

the gentlemen named, includes Frank La
Josie Laurens, Edward Mack, Ada Cr

sp. they will read in disquiet that there was some method in the madness of the skewed stamp. Very truly yours,
MICHAEL NORMAN,

[illegible]

9

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MAY BLOSSOM AT THE CRITERION.

Mr. Benjamin Maginley has changed his role from Tom Blossom to Uncle Bartlett, the village preacher, and the change is dearest to the humor and interest of the drama; for while Tom still retains, in the hands of Mr. Otis Turner, his natural importance, Uncle Bartlett becomes a leading character, and is invested by Mr. Maginley with such force, kindness, grace and humor as to endear the old parson to every heart and make the whole audience wish he were indeed their individual and collective "Uncle."—*Brooklyn Daily Standard*, Oct. 19, 1886.

Mr. Maginley is a good representative of the Burton school of comedians. His acting was altogether natural, and he converts his everyday individuality into the character he represents. He brought to the character of the village preacher untouchable and dignity, which showed that Uncle Bartlett, as portrayed by him, was an original creation.—*Brooklyn Daily Times*, Oct. 19, 1886.

The play of May Blossom received new life as presented last evening by Benjamin Maginley and his company at the Criterion. There is a general self-satisfaction in Mr. Maginley as Uncle Bartlett, a serene contentment that is infectious and causes the weary who behold him to lay aside their burdens and rest—or laugh. Uncle Bartlett is the personification of a class of preachers found in every rural community—a lover of the good things of life, illiterate, tender hearted and faithful to the moralities. To take this part with a delicacy that is not irreverent or flippant; to simulate not the religious hypocrite, but the humble and truly good man of simple but inflexible character, requires peculiar qualities; and it is perhaps not too much to say that Mr. Maginley "fills the bill." The play introduces the audience to the simple, honest folk of a Southern fishing community, with scenery and stage-fittings for which the management deserve special commendation.—*Brooklyn Union*, Oct. 19, 1886.

May Blossom, that touching little play which has been seen on several previous occasions, was brought out at the Criterion Theatre last night under somewhat different conditions than formerly governed the production. Mr. Benjamin Maginley, who has been identified with the work since it was first performed at the Madison Square Theatre, appeared in a different part from that in which he was so long successful. He assumed the character of Uncle Bartlett, and as the old clergyman gave ample evidence of his ability in character painting, Mr. Maginley is a finished actor, and does everything he undertakes well, but in his new part he is seen to excellent advantage.—*N. Y. World (Brooklyn Ed.)*, Oct. 19, 1886.

Benjamin Maginley personated the most interesting character in the drama with his accustomed vim, alternating with tenderness and gentility. One feels comfortable while sitting under his smile.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, Oct. 19, 1886.

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